

# CRITICS OF AMERICAN GIRLS ROUSE DAN IN DEFENCE

By DAN CAREY.

WE have just found out why American girls and women are being criticised so freely just now.

During the last several months we have been keeping a record of the complaints made against the gentler sex by those who relieve their feelings by writing cards to the newspapers. To date the following charges seem to have been registered against the girls:

They bob their hair.  
Their skirts are too short.  
They wear stockings that are rolled down at the top.  
Their shirtwaists are too low at the neck.  
Their skin is tanned by too much sunlight.  
They paint too much.  
They use too much powder.  
They rouge their lips.  
They do not read enough.  
They are either too fat or too thin.  
They will not stay at home.  
They smoke cigarettes.  
They drink liquor.  
They use slang.  
They curse and swear.  
They wear furs in summer.  
They wear slippers in winter.  
They display bad taste generally, but particularly in matters of dress.  
They spend too much money.  
They are not courteous when attentions are shown to them.  
They interfere with traffic when they drive automobiles.  
They attempt to flirt with strangers.  
They are not domestic and are neglecting the fine arts of cooking, house cleaning and sewing.  
They are taking jobs away from the men.

These seem to be the charges that have been made against the girls by those who object to their conduct. Understand, we do not make them. We read them all in the newspapers. We presume that even the card writers would admit that, with the exception of the things mentioned, the women are all right.

NOW there must be a cause which prompts the men to have these ungallant thoughts about those to whom each one of them will say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." We can remember the time, because it was just a little while ago, when a man would not have permitted himself to entertain such thoughts about the women of his acquaintance. He would have been publicly disgraced by expressing them in a letter to a newspaper.

We have reasoned seriously about this phase of modern thought and have reached the conclusion that there are four causes for the complaints against women. They are Daylight Saving, National Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and War.

Now let's see why these four things have produced this frame of mind in men.

When those in charge who are permitted to do such things to the people put this daylight saving thing on us they overlooked the fact that by changing the hands of the clock they did not change the time of day. Well, when they made us get up an hour earlier every day they took away from the women one hour of their beauty sleep. The consequence is that all women are now 150 hours less beautiful than they were last spring. That is an actual fact that cannot be controverted.

The only reason for the daylight saving law was to give men another hour every afternoon on the golf links, which meant merely another hour away from their wives, their homes and their families. The guiding

## Daylight Saving, Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and War Wholly Responsible for Adverse Comment, He Finds, but He Sees Same Charming Person Beneath It All

hand of the master was missing in the direction of household affairs.

Then there was the effect on the men. They would scramble out of bed in the morning, dress according to the "flick and promise" principle, gulp down a hasty breakfast and go roughly to work, trying to make themselves believe it was 9 o'clock when they knew perfectly well it was only 8. During the morning hours no man is a fit companion for anybody, and it follows obviously that the earlier the hour the more unfit he is.

WE had a friend once, a distinguished jurist he was, who had the conviviality of spirit which so frequently accompanies brains, and the consequence was that while he was a just judge and a most brilliant expounder of the law during the sessions of the court, the evening hours usually found him at the club, scintillating with wit and recounting the experiences of an eventful life. The following morning he would greet his companions of the evening before with the merest nod of recognition and mount the bench with a dignity that was repelling in its severity.

"Judge," he was asked one morning, "why is it that you are so companionable in the evenings and so frigid in manner toward your friends during the morning hours?" The Judge positively glared at his questioner.

"Sir," he answered, snapping his jaws together with each word he enunciated, "no gentleman should ever speak to another until 12 o'clock in the day."

National prohibition we list as one of the causes of the complaints against women for a reason that nearly every man understands. Formerly a man would get four or five drinks under his belt after his day's work was over, and by that time they all looked good to him. Now that they have sobered up we see with a clearer vision. We have become more discriminating. If the girls object to what we see they can remedy the situation. Give us back our liquor. It is also true that in the old days the men were in no condition to criticize any one about anything. They were too busy explaining their own shortcomings. We were

on the defensive all the time. Now we haven't anything to do but complain.

We list Woman Suffrage as a cause merely in the interests of truth. We are not going to argue the question. You see the chances are that we will have to remain in this country and earn a living here during the balance of our days. The consequence is that we will not attempt to say just how the Nineteenth Amendment affects the situation. We merely mention it as a cause, that's all. Let every man pull his own chestnuts out of the fire.

Then there was the War. The boys went and the girls remained. The jobs also remained. The girls took the jobs. They still have them. Latest reports from the field of this industrial conflict indicate that the girls are firmly entrenched. They have dug in for the winter. Well, every man knows how he feels toward the fellow who takes his job at less pay than he was getting and whose service seems to satisfy the employer. We don't say it is right; we merely announce it as a cause for the attitude of men toward women.

WOMEN are not changing in nature or in temperament. We are not speaking of individual cases; we are referring to the sex as we know it in America. It is the men who are changing. What difference does it make how women dress or what their frailties in this generation are? They will rise above them in the next. A man does not marry a bundle of clothes, a set of furs, a pair of stockings or shoes. He marries a woman, and she is the same sweet, loving, careful, long suffering wife and mother that she always has been if given half a chance, and she will continue to have those qualities whether she wants them or not. They are hers inherently at birth, and when she loses them it is not her fault.

Recently a young lady of our acquaintance undertook to discuss the divorce evil, and was astonished to hear us express the belief that men, and not women, were the cause of unhappy homes.

"Why, the papers are full of complaints against women, charging them with all kinds

of things," she said. "Quite true," we answered, "and still we think that the unhappy frame of mind in which some women find themselves was caused by men."

That is a true statement. A girl marries after a period of courtship. Every possible attention has been showered upon her by the man whose name she takes. If he will continue to give her the same attention after the marriage that he did before, so far as he and his wife are concerned the divorce courts might as well shut up shop.

Women may say differently, for the effect, or convince themselves to the contrary, for the sake of starting an argument, but what a woman really expects of her husband is to place her chair for her at the dining table, remain standing until she is seated, rise when she enters a room and offer her a seat, pick up her things when she drops it, open a door for her and let her pass through first, call her over the telephone during business hours and bring her home an offering in the evening, even though it is only a nickel bag of peanuts. Any home is a happy home if the husband does these things. She will meet you two-thirds of the way on the road to happiness. She will cook and sew and wash dishes with a song on her lips while you read your evening paper in comfort, and work her fingers to the bone for you, if you only let her know that you love her, if you will only impress upon her that her comfort and her happiness mean more to you than anything else in the world.

We expressed these views to the young lady we have referred to.

"But there aren't such men in the world any more," she said.

"Oh, yes there are, lots of them," we answered.

"Well, where are they to be found?"

"All around you. They are the men who are happily married."

WE were amused the other day by a letter written to the editor of THE SUN by Miss Elizabeth Drew Everett in reply to Harry Nathan, who had advised, as a cure for unemployment, that women resign their jobs and reenter domestic service.

The young lady says in answer: "What is the matter with the men going into domestic service? Why should that disagreeable task, which lasts from early morning until late into the night, be set aside by the men for women only? Teach the growing boys how to cook, wash dishes, scrub floors, wash soiled clothes of all descriptions and then from them, do the cleaning and dusting and look after one or

two or three children at the same time, and see how many of the young men will fall in love with the work."

There is no more reason why all girls should learn one particular job than that boys should; no more reason why women should be expected to make all their clothes than that men should be required to make all of their wearing apparel. Get it out of your system, Harry Nathan, that you men need any and every job except something in a house. Learn to be an extra good domestic and you need never be out of work. It will not hurt you to try it. Then possibly some day you men folks will show a little more appreciation of what women have always endured to make you comfortable.

Why, bless your innocent heart, young lady, you can't change the scheme of things on earth. It isn't possible. It is just as natural for a woman to bathe her babies and cook for them and sew for them and wash dishes and keep clean the home in which they live as it is natural for her to give those babies birth. Does she stop her attentions to her children at any specified age? She does not. She will work for them as long as she lives if they will let her. She includes her husband in her loving care because she has mothered him and forgiven him and pretended that she did not see his faults. Every woman always looks upon her husband as her first baby, as in fact he is.

If men had the housework to do it simply wouldn't be done and our civilization would lapse to the level of the savage. Women have always been the refining, uplifting influence. They are the sponsors for the next generation. It's their job. They can't evade it. There is nothing that makes for refinement in the business of making money down in the financial district.

Refinement and beverages, if they are any good, are always home brews.

## Electric Ice Machines

THERE are now in operation throughout the United States many central electric stations provided with ice-making apparatus. The unused power of the stations during the "light load" summer season is employed to run compression motors for liquefying ammonia in the process of freezing artificial ice.

The plan has been especially successful with small plants supplying electric power and light for towns of less than five thousand inhabitants.

In some cases the earnings of the auxiliary ice-making apparatus equal the annual return on the whole plant for other purposes.

## Ramblin' 'Round

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

HERE we are standing in front of Madison Square Garden. We are watching the boys file in to see a boxing match. It's going to be a good battle evidently; the boys are coming in droves. Through an open door we can see a "prelim" fighter clad in beautiful green trunks. It occurs to us that if we ever turn pugilist we shall have our trunks marked "USE NO HOOKS—OR JABS." But that, as you may well say, is an irrelevancy. We are supposed to be describing a crowd. Well, the boys are coming in, as we were saying. If some of the fellows weren't running we'd say there are men here from all walks of life. What's your hurry, fellows? There are plenty of seats.

In front of us, on Twenty-seventh street, is a man with the largest feet in the world—larger, even, than our own. Here are pedal extremities that prove the fallibility of one of the oldest of arithmetical axioms. Sometimes—and you'd believe us if you could get a glimpse—two feet make a yard.

WELL, this is interesting! Here is a tobacco stand where one may buy cigarettes in broken lots. We have bought broken cigarettes in our time but never cigarettes in broken lots. Here is a young man buying "three o' them" an' two o' those." This is our idea of the last word in accommodation. We shall have to do some shopping, too. Ha! here we are ordering one each of five different brands. How beautiful they look in the hand—five cigarettes, each bearing a different trade mark!

Here is a man asking us the time o' night. We tell him, bow, and offer him one of our butts. This, one might say, is cigarette etiquette. One might and then again one might not. The coffin nail we are handing him bears unmistakable signs of handling. It is shopworn. There are finger prints on either extremity. Whichever end the object of our bounty smokes, he runs the risk of getting a mouthful of germs and dying of some horrible disease.

We hope not. He's a likable looking chap attired in a gorgeous red and black striped sweater. It is beautiful to look at. But we can't stand here all evening worshipping beauty; we are in the way. There is a comfortable looking doorway across the street and we are going to sit down there and write a poem. After all, we are a minstrel, and when we do not drum we do not eat.

### THE CIGARETTE THAT SAVED A LIFE.

(A dramatic episode, in four sections.)

One winter evening when the snow was falling thick and fast

And all Manhattan Island was a snowy mountain vast,

A tattered ragamuffin—but is "tattered" really needed?

Who's raggy must be tattered, folks, as doubtless you have headed—

A ragamuffin, as I was upon the point of saying,

Came tottering down the avenue and people heard him praying:

"Oh, for a cigarette

To smoke my woes away!

If I could only get

A cigarette to-day!

"My pennies are too few

A package for to buy

And there is naught to do

But lay me down and die!"

And as he took a dagger out, intending for to slit

His quivering neck in two (or three) his roving left eye lit

Upon a sign that stated: "CIGARETTES A PENNY EACH."

And, oh, it didn't take him half a second

For to reach

The counter and to take a cent and gayly plunk it down

And get as fine a cigarette as any in the town!

That cigarette threw out

A fire that dried his clothes

And remedied his gout

And warmed his freezing toes.

The ashes he can show

To-day; they're in an urn,

Where you can see 'em, though

You'll have to wait your turn!

I didn't learn no city ways,  
I didn't know it's wrong  
To sit a-writing roundlays  
Where I do not belong!

Gosh, the cop is strolling by without saying a word! Doesn't he see us? Or have we an honest face? That must be it. Any one can look at us and see we are harmless.

WE'LL, we guess we'll go back across the street and join the fight fans assembled in front of the Garden. We love to listen to fistie palaver, especially when oldtimers do the talking. Ha! here is a group that looks interesting.

"You can't tell me," an old war horse is saying, "that the fellows fightin' to-day could stand up with the boys o' my time."

Our guess is that they could stand up with 'em all right, but that they might sit down again. That, we judge, is what the oldtimer means.

"You can talk your head off about your Leonard an' your Tender an' your Kansas," he continues, "but there ain't a one of 'em could stand up six rounds with Nelson." That we agree with. Nelson showed 'em at Trafalgar all right. "And lookit Gans and Lavigne. And Ernie—you should 'a' seen him!" Ernie—there was a boy who could Ernie a decision over any of 'em, we judge by our informant's enthusiasm.

We like the spirit of the oldtimer's audience. No one is arguing with him. After all, he is not asking much of life. All he wants is to see an impressed look on the faces of his listeners. This is not much.

Ha! we have an idea. We are going to earn the oldtimer's undying affection by telling him that we once interviewed the late John L. Sullivan (for the old Bridgeport, Conn.) Herald and think he could have killed Dempsey. Look at the old war horse's face light up as we tell him that! "That's right, young feller, be fair," he says with a happy grin. Ah, there, oldtimer, we are on to you. Your notion of fairness is anything that glorifies the past. But we are with you, old darling. We are with you all the way. You wouldn't get a kick out of life if you couldn't tell the youth of to-day not to get so excited over the present; that, after all, there was an infinitely greater past. So here's for another toast to John L. Sullivan! Here's to the boxer of boxers! Here's to the greatest fighter of all time! Smile, oldtimer, smile!

But harken well, you tiny tots of to-day. You shall have a duty to perform by us when we are old and gray. It shall be your turn then to listen in awe as we narrate the feats of the present generation. When, standing in front of Madison Square Garden thirty years from to-day, we gather you 'round us and tell you that Willie Woods, our champion, could have knocked the stuffing out of your champion, you shall not contradict us. If you wish, you may say to yourself, "The poor feller, he's getting old," but out loud we want you to say, "That's right, oldtimer, your champion could have knocked h-i out of ours."

### SONG OF THE OLDTIMER.

You should 'a' been around the time O'Dair

And seen the way them fellers slammed, I'll

tell the world you ought.

No runnin' all around the place to keep from

gettin' hit.

Them fellers stood right up and punched

until their knuckles split.

No squawkin' for a juicy purse before they'd

take the ring.

They fought because they like to fight and

that is why I sing:

CHORUS:

Gimme the good old days

When fists wuz made for fightin'!

When heads wuz smashed and beezers bashed

And battles wuz excitin'!

When boxing' shows wuz staged

In seven feet o' gore.

An' through the night the boys would fight

A hundred rounds or more!

And, say, another battle that you never

should 'a' missed

Wuz back in eighteen ninety-two when Har-

ley Harry kissed

The boards so hard when Battling Bliffer hit

him on the ear

The floorin' busted, Harry fell, and though

for many a year

They hunted everywhere for him, they never

found him, no!

And where's the fighter nowadays 'can hit

that hard a blow?

CHORUS:

Gimme the good old days, &c.

By DR. WILLIAM D. PHIFER, M. A.

LONG ago in a romantic canyon out West some cowboys hunting cattle discovered Cliff Palace. It is the finest prehistoric building on the Western Hemisphere. They also found the mighty Temple of the Sun and many other homes of the Stone Age hung on the sides of the cliffs or tucked away in the caves. Here are a few of their names: Mug House, Jug House, Long House, Kodak House, Spring House, Balcony House, Spruce Tree House, Square Tower House and Pinhead House, to name a few. I shall tell you about this name-bestsome mural paintings found on the walls. It was a grim looking pile, evidently a very old ruin.

A few months ago excavations began and the ruin was found to be the Temple of New Fire left by the ancient Fire Worshipers. It lies in a shallow cave some three hundred feet long, about half as wide and nearly as high. The place has a sombre look, the landscape is gloomy, the trees are battered by blows from the hand of time, and owls at night screech among their branches.

### Ashes Still Remain in the Pits

That Have Been Cold for Centuries

The original fire pits were found in a good state of preservation. They were holding the gray ashes left by the fires that, flashing against the sky and lighting the gorge for miles, blazed up for the last time centuries ago.

The fire pits are circular and shallow, varying in size. A rectangular pit near one of the fire holes is enclosed by a stone wall three feet high and some twenty feet long.

This may have been a receptacle for grease wood used in the sacred rites. The main section of the old temple is built against the canyon wall and stands up some thirty feet in its present ruined condition. When the temple was new it must have been a magnificent structure. Every stone is dressed by a stone hammer and the plaster is about as good as it was the day it was put on with the shoulder blade of a buffalo for a trowel.

One long portion of the temple has gone into such a state of decay that only rude outlines appear. Stone walls enclose a large court in front, where the devout multitudes used to congregate. Here nature united in solemn harmony with the fire worshippers in their annual celebration of the New Fire, which occurred in the November moon. Adjoining the temple is a spacious cliff dwelling evidently used by the head priest and the caretakers of the sacred place.

Among all the native races the only people now observing the rites of the celebration of the New Fire are the Hopi Indians of Tusayan, Arizona. These Hopis are the descendants of the Cliff Dwellers, who built the great Temple of the New Fire, the Sun Temple and Cliff Palace; in fact scores of buried cities in southwest Colorado are the work of their hands.

The New Fire people—the Cliff Dwellers—as the tradition runs, were driven off by the ancestors of the Utes. The last battle ended more than a thousand years ago. First a few Utes came. They were treated with much hospitality. Then more Utes came, and more. They stayed. Then a multitude came. They killed some of the Cliff Dwellers in the cornfields. A war of extermination set in. The long fight was so fierce the blood of wounded and slain ran down the canyon walls and filled the pools below.

Utes were driven off, but the New Fire people, outnumbered by the enemy, could not afford to risk another battle. So they retreated in the night, and overtook their wives and children a hundred miles away, where they had fled. From this point they made their way by forced marches as well as they could with their sick and wounded, in a sad procession, across the dreary uplands of Arizona to a place they called Tusayan. There they built seven cities where they have lived ever since. Here through the gray centuries they have observed the Celebration of The New Fire. It is no doubt the same sacred performance practiced by their ancestors in the Temple

## Prehistoric Temple of Fire Unearthed in Arizona

### Many of the Ancient Rites Are Observed to This Day by Tribe's Survivors

of New Fire just discovered in Colorado among the Cliff Dwellers.

To show what the old temple stands for let me describe the celebration of its rites. At the present time it takes place in the November moon, once in four years—in ancient time it was held annually. It lasts nine days. The purpose is to initiate young men into the officery and the priesthood; also to impress upon the Hopi mind the sacredness of the religion of the New Fire. Only four of the seven cities observe this celebration. The people of the other three

cities, having alien blood in their veins, are barred out.

The festival begins at sunrise. Flags are placed on the hatchways of the *kivas*—or sacred rooms—to show that ceremonies are going on inside. These flags are made of hawk, crane or eagle feathers tied to a stick from a foot to three feet long. The flags are called *Nat-ai*. Meal is scattered on the flags and sprinkled toward the sun, when the celebration is declared inaugurated.

Certain things in the Hopi ceremonial circuit are startling, some are shocking and

some are very laughable. For instance, a naked child enters the *kiva* and scatters sand on the floor. He always begins at the north side. He thinks human beings first emerged out of the north. Intersecting lines of meal are drawn across the sand. The pollen of corn is mixed with water to make medicine to use in the celebration. Six skins of animals are laid on the lines of meal. Then six more skins. An ear of corn is laid on each skin. These ears of corn are of six different colors, each one representing a principle of much importance. Pebbles are dropped on the skins, eight songs are sung and the exercise lasts ninety minutes. After this a chief takes a piece of quartz out of the bag of another chief, puts it in his mouth, then takes it outside and with its bright surface he flashes the sunlight down into the medicine bowl in the *kiva*. These acts are samples of many things performed in silence with great solemnity.

The firestone is about eighteen inches long, two wide and a half inch thick. Fire drills are some two feet long and thick as a lead pencil. One end of the fire drill is set in a hole in the firestone. The top end of the drill is held between the palms of the hands and revolved at high speed. Smoke appears in a few seconds and fire in a short time. Grooves are cut in the firestone and filled with tinder. The slightest spark sets the tinder afire. Flaming runs down the grooves and ignites a larger bunch of tinder.

Blazing tinder is carried to the big fireplace and Royal Fire is kindled. The chiefs sing, priests pray, then every man prays out loud. Sometimes every man in a clan will paint a white spot on each cheek, and every officer throws a pinch of meal on the fireplace as he enters the *kiva*. One hundred and fifty often crowd into a little *kiva*, all stark naked except when an occasional breech cloth is worn.

The firemakers enter two by two. White lines are painted down legs and arms. All pose in silence a few minutes, when a mighty song bursts out on the air. Each man sings a different tune and beats a different time. Cow bells are rung. Rattles of shell and bone clatter and drums bang. This makes a very bedlam not matched by war whoops.

Members of the Horn Society—the guards, pickets and police—escort the Dawn Woman into the *kiva*. She is a wooden figure some eighteen inches long. They stand on guard when boys are carried down the ladders and initiated in solemn rites suitable to their age. Officers eat all their meals in the sacred rooms. The boys, called "Kel-es," eat nothing until the rites are over. The Horn Guards let down their hair, every man with horns in front, and march from town to town after midnight, when they congregate in the *kivas* and sing until the morning breaks.

### Patrols on Every Trail

To Keep White Men Away

The third day notices are posted on all the trails leading into Tusayan for white people to keep away. Horned patrols are on watch on every trail. Any approach of a white man is at the risk of his life. Elk horns are set in the middle of all trails. All the neighbors know what this means and keep away. Then the Horn Society leads a grand march encircling Tusayan. Round and round they go, each time in a smaller circle, stopping at the spot where they began.

A tonic before breakfast is taken the fifth day. Long before day the clans appear on the house-tops. They are led by the Horn Society. All hold trays from which they sprinkle sacred meal on the Dawn Woman and smoke the big pipes. Then the Kel-es are led about the place. Immediately the Horn Society stations the Royal Guards on the beats on the rough edges of the terraces and ragged spots among the bluffs and leap from crag to crag, jump from bluff to bluff and buck like goats and rams while lusty songs puff the crisp air. After these exercises a breakfast of six courses is served, and the rest of the day is devoted to merrymaking.

## Girls Do Odd Commuting



The Misses Mildred and Ida Brown went swimming in the Pacific Ocean and in the Atlantic on the same day and commute daily from coast to coast.

THE Misses Mildred and Ida Brown have the unique distinction of being the only persons in the world to reside in an Atlantic seaport and to commute daily to a Pacific seaport in order to attend high school. The young women are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, who reside at New Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone. Their residence is on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. They attended the American High School at Balboa, one of the suburbs of Panama on the Pacific side. New Cristobal and Balboa are forty-five miles apart, making it necessary to ride ninety miles each day to get an education.

With their parents and a younger brother, Harry, Jr., the Misses Brown expect to sail Friday for their tropic home on the Pacific Mail Steamship Line from New York city. They have been spending the past four months on a vacation in the States. When New Cristobal is reached Miss Mildred will resume work as a clerk in the Colon coaling station and Miss Ida expects to continue her studies in high school.

The Brown family left Bloomfield, N.